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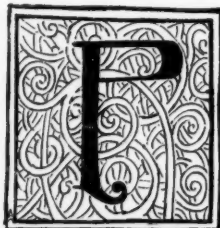


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THE SAME OLD POWER BEHIND THE THRONE.



A SUGGESTION.



ERHAPS Lord Salisbury would agree to leave the matter of the Venezuelan boundary to a congress of foot-ball experts — eleven from each side of the water. A line drawn through the centre of the field might represent the Schomburgk line. A goal kicked from the field should count five thousand square miles, and a touch-down, four thousand square miles. Great Britain or Venezuela to receive a clear title to an extent of territory to be determined by the score, as indicated. All parties to

abide by the result, except that Great Britain, in the event of losing the game, should have her time-honored privilege of claiming that we did not play fair. One-half of the gate receipts to form a pension fund for the combatants. No police interference under any circumstances.

Foot-ball, like war, affords plenty of glory, blood and excitement, and it injures nobody except people who rather enjoy being made the victims of contusions and compound fractures. People who don't want to fight can shout and bet on the result. And there are so many people on both sides who don't want to fight, that it will be a great pity if they fail to find a *modus vivendi*. W. M.



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A DOWNFALL.

WANDERER.—Yes, lady; a few years ago I was just rollin' in wealth.

KIND-HEARTED HOUSEKEEPER.—Poor man! here is a quarter. Rum did it, I suppose?

WANDERER.—No'm. Religion.

KIND-HEARTED HOUSEKEEPER.—Religion?

WANDERER.—Yes 'm; I was one of the most successful burglars in the country; but I got religion and could n't work at me trade no more. Thanks!



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THERE ARE OTHERS.

MR. CITYMAN.—I say, Mr. Medders, the advent of the bicycle and the consequent decline of the horse must have hurt you farmers considerably by cutting off the demand for one of your chief products.

MR. MEDDERS.—What product is that?

MR. CITYMAN.—Why, it must be of little use to raise oats now!

MR. MEDDERS.—Yes; that's so! The bicycle has done us on that; but when one door shuts another always opens. We raise the arnica plant now.

UNASSAILABLE.

IT IS understood that a number of intrepid statesmen favor the following platform for 1896:

1. The Monroe doctrine (properly understood and applied).
2. The settlement of the currency question (by placing the national finances on a sound and satisfactory basis).
3. The settlement of the tariff question (in accordance with the best interests of the country).

ONE EXPLANATION.

GLADYS.—Tell me, what *do* these college boys mean by their perpetual yelling of "Raw! Raw! Raw!"

BESS.—I don't know, unless it is their owning up that they are mostly a half-baked lot.

APPREHENSION.

ISAACHEIMER.—It would be terrible if dot English fleet efer bombarded New York.

COHENSTEIN.—Awful! Dink how der insurance rades would go up!

AN AUTHORITY.

FIRST CITIZEN.—I am taking a course of lectures on the Monroe doctrine.

SECOND CITIZEN.—Who is delivering them?

FIRST CITIZEN.—My barber.





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PAINFUL NEWS.

THE AMERICAN BRIDE.—What is the matter, George William?
LORD NARYARED.—Why, this blooming paper says, doncherknow, that those securities your father gave us are going down!



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A SERIOUS DEFECT.

INVENTOR.—I'm working on a new method of heating flats by electricity.
FRIEND.—Can you make it go?
INVENTOR.—There's only one trouble;—I can't think of any way to prevent the janitor from turning off the current when it is most wanted.

THEIR NEED.

MISS CYCLETON.—Mrs. Wheeler's husband is too mean to live!
MISS SPROCKETT.—How so?
MISS CYCLETON.—Why, the other day, he overheard me saying to his wife that we ought to have a bicycle club, and he sang out, coarsely: "What's the matter with an ax?"

IN MAINE.

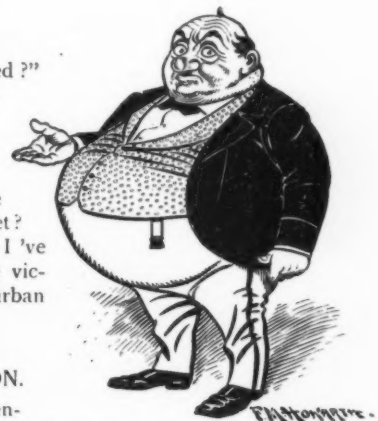
"Is her husband very dissipated?"
"Yes; he spends all his earnings at the drug store."

ON THE TRACK.

FIRST DETECTIVE.—Have you found out anything yet?
SECOND DETECTIVE.—I've found a man to whom the victim once sold some suburban property in New Jersey.

IDEAL LOCOMOTION.

SMITH.—Brown is an enthusiast on rapid transit, isn't he?
JONES.—I should say so! I was with him in a runaway cable-car the other day, and he was wreathed in smiles until the car was stopped.



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WILLING TO QUIT.

MR. ADIPOSE.—Ah! would that I could say with the immortal William: "Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!"

AMBITION IS Work's most cheerful companion; but they do not rank equally as collateral.

SOMETIMES THE world seems very small — especially when it comes to paying that living it owes you.

THE BRITISH BURLESQUE.

A STUDY IN GLOOM.



YES; I know we have troubles of our own. But let us sit here through "The Artist's Model" and learn of griefs harder to bear. This is the last of a Trilogy of Gloom that will have taught us to face our own little woes with a finer patience. Hereafter, when our crown of sorrow bears down too hard, we shall ease the pain by reflecting that there is no law to make us see another British Burlesque. And there is this more to hope for: the writer of real burlesque is happiest when he makes mirth of pathos or tragedy. Witness his handling of the beautiful story of Evangeline, of the tragic life of Columbus, of the glorious aspirations and glorious death of the youth who bore his banner up the mountain pass. The tragedy of the British Burlesque has

thus far been too oppressive for him, but some day he will nerve himself to the task, and give us a burlesque of a British Burlesque. But we shall never see the real thing again, shall we? — not while we can go to the Morgue and see the merry sights there.

Have you discovered why the British Burlesque brings scalding tears to the eyes of strong men? No? Listen: it is because the British Burlesque-monger has never divined the meaning of the word "burlesque." The dictionary tells him it is to treat a trifling subject with mock gravity, or *vice versa*. This simple truth is too much for him. He feels vaguely that he ought somehow to mingle comedy and tragedy; but that these opposing elements can be united in one person or one theme is away beyond him. He writes tragedy and he writes comedy, but he keeps each to itself. Not to keep them separate and distinct would be frivolous joking, and he is a foe to all that. And so, in his deadly artless way, he has a funeral and a rollicking chorus, and he thinks it is burlesque, because one follows the other.

You remember the first of this chastening Trilogy, — "The Gaiety Girl." The heroine was a sad-faced blonde who "dawned at the Gyety." Having been brought up in British Burlesque, she was very serious minded. She was leading a good life and trying to help Mother all she could; but they accused her of stealing a watch — or was it a wallet stuffed with fi'-pun notes? Had it been a cable-car or even an eight-day clock surmounted by a bronze horse, it would n't have been so ugly — nor so British. The poor girl was hounded all about Europe. Whenever she felt that she was at last alone with her grief, the other characters would dart out and do a song-and-dance around her. They finally goaded her into wearing a blue-silk bathing-suit meant to hide her broken heart, and really capable of but little else. But even then she was sad, and the more bitter tears she shed, the more heartrending were the sobs that came from the audience, the more the unfeeling chorus rollicked and sang and cut up generally. It was a sad, sad tragedy. When an Englishman writes a burlesque there's no nonsense about it.

"The Shop Girl" is of more recent but equally painful memory. It shows what an American can do after the British microbe has destroyed his humorous sensibilities. That is the piece, you recall, that was so unpopular with the suburbanites who have to catch the 10:02 train for places in New Jersey. They invariably overslept. But it's all right now. They leave calls when they go in, and the ushers see that they are aroused in time. We agreed that "The Shop Girl" vaults more lightly from stupidity to vulgarity than any



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A CONFUSING TONGUE.

MRS. VANDERSLANG. — Now, tell me, Count, how do you like America?

COUNT PARLEYVOO. — Ah! *chere* Madam, your guntry ant your ladees are *charmant* — but your langweedge — your idioms — I gan not at all comprehend. You say, when your butter is goot eet ees vresh, ant dat your leedle poy ees vresh when hee's spoiled.

piece we had ever seen. The British reverence for pedigree does not stop with Family.

The Briton bows to no joke that does not trace its ancestry back to pre-Arthurian days. He went wild with delight over "The Shop Girl." How sad it is that the British humorist is at his best in but two lines! — in toying with the sacred offices of Wife and Mother, and in making puns on people's names. He can tell you in the most exquisite fashion that Mr. Brown is in a *brown* study; or that Mr. Black looks *blue* to-day, and the time when a door is not a door can be given by him with praiseworthy accuracy. But let him bring a child's perambulator to the notice of an engaged couple, if you want something choice and gamey and peculiarly British. And why do clean, well-dressed American people continue to sit under the jokes that are sprinkled through this production? — jokes that would make a hardened and dissolute rhinoceros blush a rosy red!

Ah, dear heart! I know not, — unless it's because the critics have written maudlin puffs of it.

But, see! The last act of an "Artist's Model" is drawing to a close. It has been the old, old story; sadness and mirth mixed like oil and water. The baritone is the gloomiest of men and the *prima donna* the saddest of her sex. They



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AN INNOVATION IN THOMPSON STREET.

MOSE JEFFERSON. — Gemmen, I propose ter play wid keerds what was made 'spressly. De sleeves ain't made yet dat 'll harbor dese yere.

have had but one scene that hints of lighter things than grief, and that is where, after a rapid exchange of incivilities, they sing a duet in which they quarrel. Wherever the author has soared to sublime heights of gloom, he has relieved the strain with a skirt dance. A girl in restless lace skirts has come out and, in a quaint, sweet way held her right foot above her head a whole lot. But it was no use. The sorrowing lovers kept ahead of the game.

After one stretch of poignant sorrow there is a laughing song. It would be good any place else. Here the offender should be rebuked for unseemly levity. And the prattling playfulness of the chorus is that of little children who can not realize that the Grim Monster has stricken their home. Ah, it is so pitiful!

Listen! Here is a criticism from the next seat:

"Of course, you can't expect any plot or funny *main* idea; the specialties are intended to carry it."

Then here is another from the other side of us:

"Of course, you can't expect first-class specialties, such as you do in our own farce comedies. The plot makes up for that."

Both are right,—in a way. It is the great American public trying to hide the fact that it has staid the thing out because it "ran a year in London." As if that were a recommendation! We would rather take chances with a piece that ran only ten minutes in London.

Come, the play is done. Dry your eyes and push your way out,—and don't forget that we can spend a whole bright day at Jolly Greenwood for much less than this night cost us.

We breathe the free air of Broadway once more. Is it not a fine night? How dark! and how merrily the rain falls! How jolly not to have any umbrella! It's great fun to be out here. How joyously the passing cabs spatter mud upon us! And see the funny cable cars go jangling up and down the street. Here, look into this undertaker's window. How bright and lively it is! See that droll wag inside waiting for custom.

He could n't write a British Burlesque. His surroundings are too awfully cheerful.

Come along! Our hearts are light once more.

There will be other British Burlesques. But we shall be off seeing Binks and Bunks, the funny song-and-dance men. Binks will tell Bunks a joke, and then hit him in the head with a hatchet by way of emphasis. Their ways are crude, sometimes harsh, even; but they have a notion of what burlesque is.

H. L. Wilson.

THE FIRST DOMESTIC DUTY.

EMILY (*playing "house"*).—Now, I'll be Mama, you'll be Papa, and little Ben and Bessie will be our babies.

WILLY (*after a moment, anxiously*).—Ain't it about time to whip the children?

SUDDEN FOR HIM.

POOR STAMMERTON (*who stutters like a corn-popper*).—Mum-mum Miss Thu-thu-Thirtysmith—Mum—Mum—Maud—I lul-lul-lul—I lul-lul-lul—I lul-lul—

MISS MAUD THIRTYSMITH (*egging him on gently*).—Well, Mr. Stammerton?

POOR STAMMERTON (*sanding his slippery track*).—Mum—Mum—Maud, dud-dud-darling, I lul-lul—I lul-love you dud-dud—I lul-love you dud-dud-devotedly. Will you mum-mum-mum—will you mum-mum-mum—Oh, darling! will you mum-mum-mum—

MISS THIRTYSMITH (*desperately*).—Sing it, Charles.

POOR STAMMERTON (*lifting up his voice in song*).—My dar-r-ling, I lo-o-o-ve you! Will yo-o-o-ou mar-ry me-e-e?

MISS THIRTYSMITH.—Oh, Charles! This is so—so sudden!

PHENOMENAL.

WHEELER.—Why is Singer noted for his memory?

WILSON.—Great Scott, man! he can give in correct order the names of all the Vice-Presidents of the United States!

THE AVERAGE *casus belli* is civilization's poor apology for the barbarism that is left in it.

THE NEW WOMAN of this generation will be the old maid of the next.



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AN ECONOMICAL ARRANGEMENT.

HUSBAND.—Do you think it saves you anything to have a running account at that dry goods store?

WIFE.—I know it does. You can't imagine the amount of time it saves me. Why, I never have to stop to ask the price of anything I wish to purchase!

CRITICISM BY AN EXPERT.

FIRST REPORTER.—I was looking over that "Private Life of Napoleon." The man who wrote it was n't worth his salt.

SECOND REPORTER.—How is that?

FIRST REPORTER.—Why, the book has only three hundred pages, and he says it took him ten years to collect the material. You or I could have done it in a week.

LIGHT ON THE MYSTERY.

FIRST DETECTIVE.—Ah-ha! Now I understand why the safe was not blown open. This burglary was committed by a woman.

SECOND DETECTIVE.—How do you know?

FIRST DETECTIVE.—Here's the hair-pin.



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A FORCED CURE.

WILLY.—Papa, I'm awfully sorry your gout is so bad that you can't walk.

PAPA (*pleased*).—Papa is awfully glad to have your sympathy, Willy. No; I can't walk a step.



WILLY.—Yes, it's too bad; 'cause someone's let the water run in the bath room and it's overflowed the tub and is running through the floor into the parlor. I can't stop it, and there ain't no one else in the house but you.



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COULD N'T SERVE HIM.

DRUMMER (*hurriedly*).—Can't wait for dinner—have to catch 11:10 train—I'll just have a quick lunch. Can you open me some oysters?

LANDLORD SMITHVILLE HOTEL.—Very sorry, sir; but the cook broke the can-opener this morning.

IN THE AGUE DISTRICT.

CADDINGTON.—I hear your Uncle Bob's made a fortune in the saloon business in Arkansas?

FULLJAMES.—Yep! He had a great scheme—gave a quinine pill with every drink.

WHEN A LOVER has time to speculate about "what is love?" you may depend upon it he is having a pretty slow time.



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NO PLEASURE.

MRS. ISAACHEIMER.—You go much to dose pargain sales?

MRS. COHENSTEIN.—Vot for should I go to dose pargain sales? You nefer can get nodings any cheaper dan anybody else.

EVEN A LITTLE CHILD CAN HELP.
RUGGLES.—Congratulations, old boy! How are the wife and baby getting along?

STRUGGLES.—Finely, thanks.

RUGGLES.—I tell you, babies are blessings!

STRUGGLES.—You bet! If this one had n't come right now, I don't know what we'd have done for our Winter's coal.

RUGGLES.—What's the birth of a baby got to do with coal?

STRUGGLES.—You see, my wife's rich brother always sends a check for fifty dollars to start the baby's bank book.

TO A DIARY.

While your life is a blank it has never a care,
Though you get very little that's due you;
And you must be happy, for you are aware
That no one will ever go through you.



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SURE SIGN OF DEATH.

WIFE.—I wonder what makes Fido howl so?

HUSBAND.—Perhaps he heard you opening that canned salmon.

PICKINGS FROM THE INTELLECT OF LITTLE PLATO SMITH.

Boys has measles, an' men has politics.
I'd rather take a bath than wear a new pair o' pants t' school.

Pa says laziness is a crime, but Ma builds th' kitchen fire.
Boys gets most o' their sicknesses 'fore school calls in th' mornin'.

When I want Pa t' say "yes" I get Ma t' say "no."
It's wicked t' work on Sundays; so folks jus' putter round an' do little jobs.

Ma played whist all one evenin' las' week, an' she don't know what trumps is yet.

Pa says I'm jus' at the smart age; but I don't have no pain,—only pimples on m' face.

Pa says t' never get excited; but when our chimney burnt out he scraped a lot o' skin off his leg tryin' t' get on th' roof 'thout a ladder.

I went t' a party t' other night, an' when I got home Ma ast me what they had t' eat, an' I told her I did n't know, 'cause they did n't play no kissin' games.
Folks don't b'lieve things in th' newspapers they don't want 'o.

David Henry.



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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

A MATTER OF COMMON SENSE. IS IT not time that Common Sense called a halt to Missionary Zeal? In foreign nations where the Christian religion is not professed, but where civilization is sufficiently well established to protect the stranger propagandist from the violence of the ignorant, the Missionary need ask only the approval of the native government to carry on his work. It is a matter between him and that government: and if he is molested in any way, it is the business of his home-government, American or European, to back him up the same as it would any ordinary citizen. But if he, deliberately, with his eyes open to the consequences, goes into the remote and barbarous possessions of a government so weak that it can not keep its own front-door shut, and hardly knows what the word responsibility means — if he goes into such regions, and there starts up a religious movement of a kind acceptable to a minority of the populace, and almost indescribably repellent to the great majority, why should he turn to his own government to relieve him of the consequences? However serious, however shocking they may be, they are only what he has to look forward to almost with certainty. It is his responsibility, or the responsibility of those who sent him; and it is his responsibility, or their responsibility, to furnish him with adequate protection. For either party to assume any responsibility shows bravery and devotion, whatever we may think of the wisdom of the undertaking. But to take the chances in the hope that the home-government will risk the lives of its defenders, the peace of its citizens, and the prosperity of its whole business system, as soon as the inevitable trouble comes, seems to us a thing neither courageous or creditable: and we do not believe that the Heathen have any more respect than we have for the Missionary with a string to him.

SOOTHING FOR AGE. WHEN GOOD Queen Victoria, in the days of her comparative inexperience, found her Royal Household saddled with Mr. Alfred Tennyson as Poet-Laureate, she had not long to wait in order to find out that he was a stiff-necked and independent poet, who had no notion of selling himself and his Muse —

or even hiring out their services for the price of a barrel of wine, and a few hundreds of pension money. In fact, to his latest day, he never began to be the comfort to her that her faithful John Brown was; and there were times when he must have been very irritating. The truth is that Mr. Tennyson was a poet who poetized pretty much as he and his Muse saw fit. When Her Majesty first had the misfortune to lose her eleventh cousin, Count Charles Frederick Augustus Papstleben von Hausefeier, she naturally looked in the next morning's papers for a front-page ode; especially as the young man had stood on the threshold of a high career, having but recently been appointed Fourth High Deputy Grand Valet in Waiting to the Chief Gentleman of Honor of the Butler's Pantry. It was then that the pitiless Alfred exhibited to her his poetic trade-schedule, showing her that she was the only member of the family entitled to the dignity of an ode; that nobody below the grade of Uncles got even sonnets; and that the line was positively drawn at first cousins with a simple quatrain — right and profits of publication in all cases reserved. We lament Tennyson's death; but we are glad that Her Majesty has secured Mr. Alfred Austin to soothe her declining years. Mr. Austin's Muse will be ready to wait on her at all hours; and if she wants a sonnet on a sore throat, or a couple of dozen sympathetic stanzas on the next case of teething in the Royal circle, she may be sure of getting them right on time, and just to her taste. They won't be poetry, but the good old lady will never know it.

PETER AND PAUL AGAIN.

WE HAVE had a good deal to say concerning the selfishness and lack of patriotism of the Free-Silverites; and we wish to take none of it back. But when we come to consider their attitude in the light of history and experience, we must admit that our whole financial tendency, through administration after administration, has given their position a show of logical strength. They profess to see no harm in refusing to let Congress pass any measures of monetary relief that do not meet their views: thus practically forcing the Government into issuing bonds. When they are reminded that unless the gold to buy these bonds comes in very considerable quantities from foreign countries, it is only taking the specie out of one pocket, and putting it in another — "Well, why not?" they reply. "Has it not always been the policy of this country to get out of every difficulty in this way? If it did not pay to raise a certain crop in a certain section, did not the Federal Government always take from the general tax-payer as much money as was needed to get the individual sugar or sorghum-grower square with the market? You may have called it a special bounty, but how was it when you applied the same idea to the building up of your protective tariff? Oh, we have no objection to the shifting of the people's money from one set of pockets to another — in fact, that's what we're here for!" And if they are further reminded that, whereas, in the cases quoted, *somebody* was unquestionably benefited; nobody gains, in this case — their cynical but not unnatural reply is to the effect that somebody is missing an opportunity.

TO CONSTANCE, IN A PICTURE HAT.

WHAT NEW conceit is this of sombre hue
That hides the precious sunlight of your hair?
The plumes funereal have no place there
Among your dearest ringlets, in full view
Of those whose ways with brightness you endue
Best, most, when least adorned. Dear, have a care
Lest they come soon to think the darkness fair
Perceiving how less dark it is o'er you.

You "sit" to-day? Ah! Well, I can believe
Your beauty dazzles unaccustomed eyes —
But sunshine offered, who takes clouds in part?
You say you need both light and shade to weave
The picture's cloth? Yourself the light supplies,
Take all the shadow from my anxious heart.

Edward W. Barnard.

FOLLOWING A PRECEDENT.

LEA. — I wonder why they always wrap these Happy New Year cigars up in tin foil?

PERRINS. — That's nothing new. They've been doing the same with limburger cheese for years.

THEY NEVER DESERT US.

"Doing much these days?" asked Veritas.

"I should say so," replied Vox Populi. "This Venezuelan matter keeps me busy writing letters to the papers. You ought to see how I knocked out that chump Pro Bono Publico in this morning's *Screamer*."

IT WOULD be a remarkable war in which each side could not prove the other the aggressor.

THE EASTERN QUESTION — How much will the Sultan have left when they get through with him?



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A GREAT COMMOTION.

DOBBINS. — What do those young men mean by waving their hands and working their fingers so excitedly?

BOBBINS. — Why, they are students from the Deaf and Dumb Institute giving their college cry!



C.J. Taylor

PUCK.



S HAVE PEACE."

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TWO BROADWAY BLOCKADES.



THE STREET was blocked with a confusion of trucks, wagons, cabs and cable cars, and the usual curious crowd had gathered and was watching with stolid faces the laborious efforts of two fat policemen to straighten out the tangle. For the moment the great roar of Broadway was hushed, and there was no sound save the angry, threatening voices of the drivers and gripmen as they hurled defiance at one another, and shook their fists, intimating that, could they disengage themselves for but an instant, they would inflict well-merited personal chastisement.

One man in particular excited the admiration of the onlookers by his burly build, his violent pantomime, and by the extraordinary profuseness of his profanity. He raved about the narrow confines of his empty truck, shook his fists fiercely in the face of the driver ahead, who could by no possibility have been to blame for the trouble, and once even went so far as to make threatening gestures at one of the policemen, when that functionary's back was turned.

At length, after the usual amount of "bossing" by the officers, and the exercise of a skill in driving which is seen nowhere except on crowded Broadway, the puzzle was solved, and the two processions of vehicles resumed their march in opposite directions. The big man on the truck, however, was hardly mollified; his face still wore a troubled look, and he did not seem very approachable.

In this mood he drove on for a couple of blocks, when he suddenly pulled his team up short. So did the man who was driving a brewer's wagon by his side; so did the gripman on a cable car; so did the driver of an approaching truck; and the processions again halted.

There did not seem to be any real cause for a blockade; and, in fact, there was no real cause. But across the roadway directly in front of the drivers and the gripman who had so suddenly checked up, moved a long, narrow strip of paper, such as is ground out by the "ticker" telegraph instruments which make men rich in Wall Street. One end was already near the middle of the street, dragging slowly over the pavement. The other end was grasped by a very pretty little girl in a very dirty little dress. Her head was bare, and her feet were almost so, and, from her general appearance she was one of the children of the East Side. But she was very happy; and, as she walked slowly down the cross-street, looking back over her shoulder at the long ribbon of paper trailing through the mud, she had eyes for nothing else, nor thoughts either, for her mind was bent on bringing the strip safely to the curb.

The passage was at last completed, and the rear end of the ribbon triumphantly landed on the sidewalk. Then the big, burly driver on the truck said "G'lang!" to his horses, and swore skillfully at the driver of the truck that faced him.

"What yeh stoppin' fur?" growled the burly driver.

"None o' yer business. What yeh stoppin' fur, yehself?"

The reply, if any was made, was lost in the roar which indicated that traffic in the great metropolitan artery had been resumed.

Gilbert P. Coleman.

IT WOULD SEEM SO.

Such gushing letters she does write,
That, time and time again,
I've thought that she most certainly
Has used a fountain pen.

WE WILL be pretty near the millennium when the bull and the bear will lie down together, and the lamb will keep out of Wall Street.

"I LIVE FOR those who love me," as the fattening turkey grimly remarked.



JUST SEVERITY IN DAKOTA.

"Your crime," said the South Dakota judge, "is absolutely inexcusable. A man who will not take the trouble to get a divorce deserves no mercy."

And he gave the convicted bigamist the full penalty of the law.

AT THE HAWVILLE DEBATING SOCIETY.

"Ladies an' gentlemen," said Mr. Simeon Simms, a new-comer in Hawville, "I am mightily obliged to you for choosin' me as one of the jedges to decide the debate on the question as to whether or not marriage is a failure; but I must ask you to please excuse me for the reason that I am tollable shore I'm not what you might call unprejudiced. I don't reckon I'm capable of renderin' a fair an' impartial decision on that question. You see, when I left Indiana, four weeks ago, to come out yere an' grow up with the country, as it were, I was the husband, so to speak, of a red-headed woman who used to—Wal, this yere place is whur she hit me with a skillet, one Sabbath evenin', after we had argued for two days on the subject of infant dam—er—er—perhaps outer consideration for the ladies present I oort to say, dangnation. Wal, anyhow, to-day I received word from home that she had whirled in an' eloped with a neighbor who owed me eighty-five dollars, an' was reckoned by me to be shore pay. Tharfore, takin' it all in all, I am sanguine that I'm too prejudiced to act as one of the jedges."

ALL HE HAD.

JUSTIN NEWMAN.—Did Enpeck leave a will?
PHIL ISTINE.—His wife survives him.

ONCE IN a while somebody by a great stroke succeeds in dazzling the world, but the world never stays dazzled very long.

LEARNING TO smoke is nearly as painful as trying to give it up.



CAUSE FOR NERVOUSNESS.

WIFE.—What! another box of cigars gone? I should think it would make you nervous, smoking so many.

HUSBAND.—It does make me nervous! I don't believe that fellow will trust me for another box.



DIFFERENT WALKS OF LIFE.

A NEW YORK VIEW.

FIRST CITIZEN.—What do you think of the proposed tax on beer?

SECOND CITIZEN.—I don't object to it; but I think we ought to be allowed to contribute to the national revenues on Sunday.

A POET ALWAYS.

ARIZONA EDITOR.—I see that the Eastern cult still sticks to our new reporter.

ASSISTANT.—How 's that?

ARIZONA EDITOR.—In writing up that tar-and-feather racket he mentions the victim as being clothed in "a garb of some soft, clinging material."

TOO LITERAL.

"I'd love to hold your hand!" he cried;
And now he 's in a huff
Because the cruel maid replied,
"No wonder,—you 're a muff!"

THE BRITISH foreign policy of kicking stray hats not believed to conceal bricks is amusing, but it is subject to painful shocks. The wisdom of placing the brick under the hat is another question.

WHEN NATIONS are so childish as to quarrel about trifles they should settle the dispute with pop-guns.

THE LAST time most of us had any trouble about Venezuela was when we went to school.

SOAP MAKES dirty politics.

THE VOICES of some men which are still for war will grow stiller as the war comes nearer.

PROHIBITION PROHIBITS but does not prevent.

ALL THE world 's a stage; but when it comes to amateur theatricals the rest of the universe is not in it with Brooklyn.

A TRIPLE ALLIANCE—The World, the Flesh and the Devil.

MANY A POLITICAL mariner would stand a better show of sailing into gubernatorial waters if he were not struck by the boom.

HORSE SENSE is never found going towards a race track.

THE TRAVELER'S RETURN.

"Home again!"

The voyager from Valladolid clasped his hands fervently.

"Thank goodness! I can now —"

A pat on his pocket assured him that his note-book was safe.

"— publish my Impressions of America!"

Grabbing up the dress-suit case marked "C. C., Genoa," he wended his way, cogitating over the jolly he intended giving to Ferdinand and Isabella.

THE WORD "practical" never achieved its present odium until it got into politics.



The Eagle and the Lion

Our advice to them both is the same as *Punch's* advice to the man who was going to get married: "DON'T!"

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OUTWEARING ALL OTHERS, THEY ARE FOUND TO BE **THE CHEAPEST IN THE END**
LOOK FOR THE TRADE-MARK **Shawknit** WHICH IS STAMPED ON THE TOE.
SOLD BY THE TRADE GENERALLY.
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Beautiful Castle Calendar, free, to any appli-
cant mentioning this publication.
SHAW STOCKING CO.
LOWELL, MASS.



HE DID NOT KNOW.
"Oh, Mr. Gilley!" cooed Miss Featherstone; "you
should see the lovely lot of birthday gifts I received.
One was a beautiful inlaid coffee table, and—"
"I beg your pawdon, Miss Featherstone," Mr.
Gilley interrupted; "but I'm not sure that I know
what sort of coffee inlaid coffee is, don't you know."
It is a pity that marriage is the only remedy that
has so far been invented for curing a love affair.—
Atchison Globe.

AFTER THE GAME OF SHINNEY.
MAMA. — You don't want any bread and
butter! Have you lost your appetite?
BOBBY. — I don't know, Mama; but I wish
you would give me a piece of pie, so that I
can find out for you.—*Truth.*
DISPATCHES state that American gold is going
to Europe. Who is getting married now?—
Peck's Sun.



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ANTI-NERVOUS
ANTI-DYSPEPTIC

Children Cry
for PITCHER'S
CASTORIA

DON'T STOP TOBACCO
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A JUSTIFIABLE SLANG.
The gay cravat which she selected
Will leave him soon a wreck;
While he with truth remarks, dejected,
"I'll get it in the neck."
—*Washington Star.*

IN BAD HUMOR.
EDITOR'S CHILD.—What's the mat-
ter with Papa to-day? He's in an awful
bad humor.
EDITOR'S WIFE.—Yes, my dear. The
regular funny man of the paper is sick,
and your father is trying to keep the
department going.—*New York Weekly.*

PROHIBITIONISTS are inconsistent.
One has recently written "a play to help
the cause of temperance," and there are
five acts in it.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

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SOAP

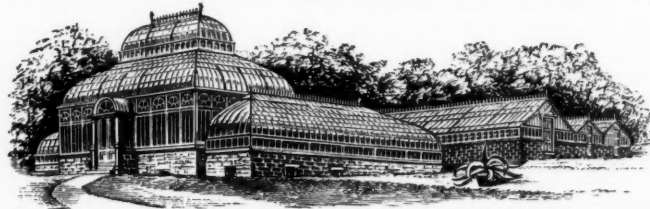


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GUSSIE.—Youah valet stwikes me as a supahcilious individual. He seems to have ideahs above his station.

CHOLLEY.—Ya-as; but, as the poet says, "A man's a man for all that."



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SALESMAN.—Why, Ma'am, you're always sure to think of something else you want, while waiting for your change!—*Truth.*

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"I guess Lord Dunraven is pretty sure to have the last word about that yacht race," said the American sportsman.

"Undoubtedly," replied the Briton. "It's a regular talk-over."—*Washington Star.*

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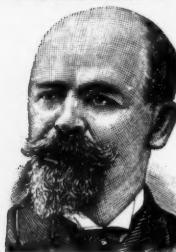
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"Yes," explained the salesman; "they never come off." — *Rockland Tribune.*

A GREAT GENERAL'S TRIBUTE.

"I see," said the Chinese Emperor, "that Pugilist Corbett, after all his talking, is not going to fight."
"Yes," replied Li Hung Chang. And then with a mournful, far-away look in his eyes, he added: "If we had only had that much foresight!" — *Washington Star.*

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SPAGGS.—They tell me Cloasfist has money to burn.
SPUGGS.—Well, you can bet if Cloasfist should burn any of his money he'd never let the fire develop into a conflagration. — *Roxbury Gazette.*

EVERYTHING IN STOCK.

MRS. HIGHART (*dreamily*).—I wish to select a painting for the—the north-west corner of my parlor.
DEALER (*briskly*).—Yes, Ma'am. James, show the lady Senat's last marine, "The Nor'wester." — *New York Weekly.*

WHEN Americans go abroad they carry letters of credit. When foreigners come to America they carry letters of introduction; and both get the best of everything.—*Truth.*

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There is no second."
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THE best way to discourage a practical joker is to get a joke on him.—*West Union Gazette.*

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The Disadvantage of Modern Improvements.

HUNGRY HAWKINS.—Tell you wot, Weary; dese modern improvements ain't wot dey's cracked up to be. If dis town had 'lectric lights we 'd a-had to eat cold soup.

SO THOUGHTFUL OF HER.

"Oh, Edith! there's that lovely escort you had last Summer, the Count de Lusk, selling ribbons at the further counter!"
"So it is. Don't let us recognize him, dear. He will prefer to remain incognito." — *Detroit Free Press.*



NEVER REPEATED.
FLYNN OF LYNN.—What's the idea of having trial trips of the cruisers?
STOCKTON OF BROCKTON.—I suppose it's to show how much faster a cruiser can be made to sail than she ever will again. — *Roxbury Gazette.*

"MISS HIGHFLYER is rather a queer girl, is n't she?"
"What makes you think so?"
"Why, Jones says that she is the apple of his eye, and now you tell me she is a peach." — *Norristown Herald.*

WHEN we come close to a giant, he often turns out to be only a common man on stilts.—*Ram's Horn.*

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"FOLKS am very self-deceptive," said Uncle Eben. "'T won't be long 'foh yoh hyahs people sayin' dat de aigs in de aig-nog did n' 'gree wif 'em." — *Washington Star.*
After a night with the boys
Yours for a clear head—Bromo-Seltzer.

Cream AMERICA'S FINEST WHISKEY
PURE RYE — DALLEMAND & CO. CHICAGO
Get it from your dealer or send us \$14.50 for 12, or \$7.50 for 6 full qts. By Express Prepaid.

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Allcock's Porous Plaster
BEAR IN MIND—Not one of the host of counterfeits and imitations is as good as the genuine.

How quickly two strangers become friendly when they discover they have a common enemy! — *Atchison Globe.*
Do you want a good Dry Wine? If you do, try Cook's Imperial Champagne: none superior.

At last! Young Fred to Miss Maud proposed, When she with trembling lips, but much composed, Said: "No longer you I'll contradict, As now you wear the
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GEOGRAPHICAL.
MISS BEACON HILL.—Dear me! Strange, but I can not remember. Where is Dresden?
YOUNG LAKESIDE.—Oh, that's easy! In China. Saw the address in a show-window to-day.—*Truth.*

THE first gun in the battle between Great Britain and the United States has been fired. A Jersey poet has tried to make a rhyme of Venezuela and influenza.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

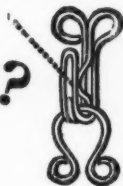
ALL the old-fashioned boys have been located, excepting the boy who used to spit on new shoes.—*Atchison Globe.*

After the beady, sparkling draught, — who wants the dregs? — The DE-LONG Patent Hook and Eye is the original.

See that

hump?

Richardson & De Long Bros., Philadelphia.



NO CAUSE FOR ALARM.

HE.—Were you alarmed, darling, when I kissed you so suddenly in the conservatory last night?
DARLING.—Not a bit. I rather thought it was you.—*Detroit Free Press.*

"SOMEHOW," said Uncle Eben, "er boy gits ter be mos' ez angelic jes' belo' Christmas ez it gits prezackly de opposite way 'long 'bout de Fof o' July."—*Washington Star.*

WHEN a girl's handwriting would be a disgrace to a ten-year-old child, her friends compliment it by calling it "characteristic."—*Atchison Globe.*

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A Very Desirable Calendar.
 Calendars of all kinds and sizes herald the coming year. Many are to be had for the asking — many without asking — but to them as to other things the rule might be applied that what costs nothing is worth about what it costs. The calendar we always welcome has just reached us. We refer to the one published by N. W. AYER & SON, Newspaper Advertising Agents, Philadelphia. This issue seems if possible even better than its predecessors. Handsome enough for the library, and yet carefully adapted for every-day use, it is naturally a great favorite. The firm's well-known motto, "Keeping Everlastingly At It Brings Success," appears this year in a new and very attractive form. The daily presence of this inspiring motto is worth far more than the price of any calendar. The date figures are so large and clear that they can easily be seen across the room. The reading matter on the flaps will also possess interest to the progressive. Those who have used this calendar in other years will not be surprised to learn that the demand for it is constantly increasing. Once introduced it becomes a welcome friend. Its price (25 cents) includes delivery, in perfect condition, postage paid, to any address.



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NO TIME TO LOSE.

"Do you notice how much shorter the Rev. Dr. Santly's sermons are than they used to be?"
 "Yes. His congregation has made him a present of a bicycle."

SWEARING is a beastly habit, and should not be indulged in by other people.
 —Adams Freeman.

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind-colic and diarrhea. 25 cents a bottle.

HIGHEST AWARD
 WORLD'S FAIR 1893.

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DOCTOR.—I thought I told you not to do any brain work, and here I find you hard at work as usual.
AUTHOR.—So you did, Doctor. But I'm not taxing my brain. I'm only writing a love story.—*Norristown Herald.*

GET RICH QUICKLY. Send for "100 Inventions Wanted," New York.

A MAN who will borrow and not pay is too great a coward to steal.—*Detroit Free Press.*

EMPLOY LEISURE HOURS We allow you all you take in (the entire subscription price), as commission canvassing subscriptions for an old established Magazine. We want a large, bona-fide circulation. For full particulars, address MEDICAL HERALD, New Albany, Ind.

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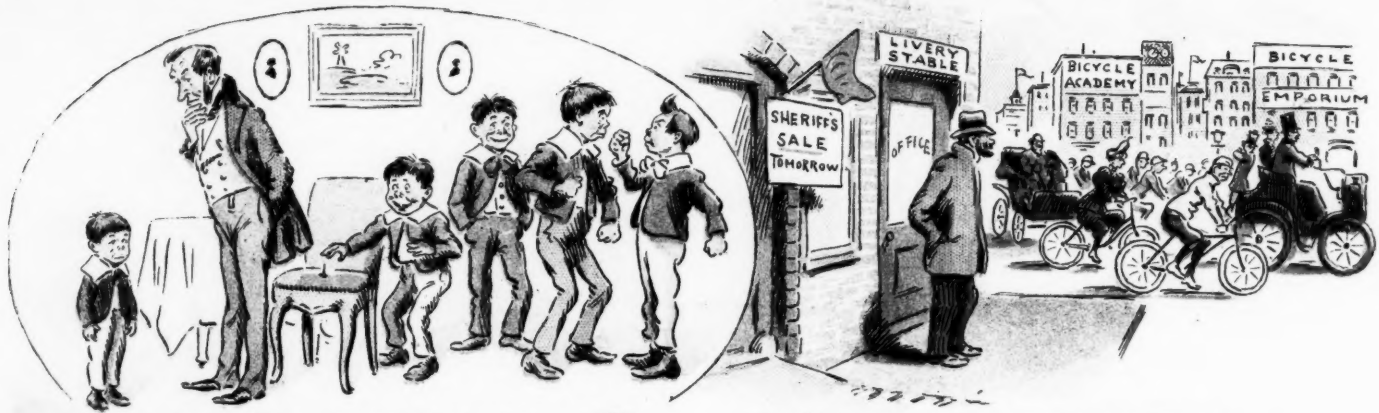
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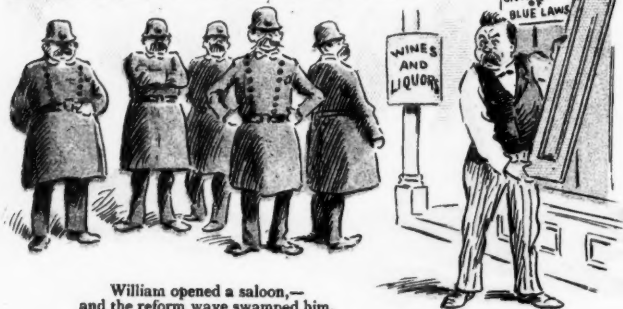
In order to prevail, Truth at times is compelled to don a sugar-coat of falsehood.—*West Union Gazette.*

Mother's give Dr. Siebert's Angostura Bitters to their children to stop colic and looseness of the bowels.



"John, William, James and Henry will get on all right when they grow up," said their father; "but as for Samuel, I fear he will never be able to make a living—he is n't bright enough."

When John grew up he started a livery stable,—and bicycles and horseless carriages knocked him out.



William opened a saloon,—and the reform wave swamped him.



James embarked in the tailoring business—but Anglo-Maniac competition broke him up.



Henry organized a theatrical troupe to tour the country—but Paderewski played in the same towns, and Henry and his troupe had to walk home.



While the unpromising Samuel took advantage of the craze of the day, started a Ten-Cent Magazine, and now rolls in wealth, and employs his four brothers to count his profits.

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